


NO. 8 MARCH 6

Captain Marvel

ADVENTURES



**FORWARD,
AMERICA!**

Why should
this  mere toy balloon...



CAUSE
THIS?

You'll find the
answer in ...

CAPTAIN MARVEL JR.
and the FACE in the DARK!

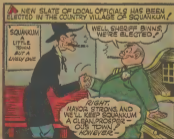
**MASTER
COMICS**

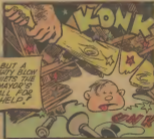
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--AND NOW THE SCENE CHANGES TO THE BIG CITY WARD IN THE EXECUTIVE OFFICES OF THE AMALGAMATED BRICKLAYERS SYSTEM.....

BILLY, THERE'S A REPORT OF A STRANGE CRIME AT SQUANUM! THE CITY HALL WRECKED, MAYOR AND SHERIFF DISAPPEARED! DASH OUT THERE AND BRING ME A SCOOP!







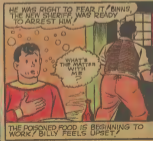
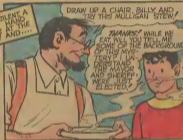
WITH SECONDS TO SPARE, BILLY HAS SPOKEN THE MAGIC WORD! LIGHTNINGS FLASHES -- THUNDER ROLLS.....



BEFORE BILLY CAN CRASH TO EARTH, HE HAS BECOME CAPT. MARVEL - MIGHTIEST OF MORTALS!

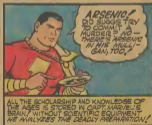


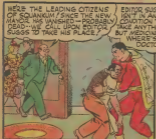






A MOMENT LATER, CAPT. MARVEL BENDS HIS EQUALLY POWERFUL BRAIN TO THE TASK OF FINDING THE POISON!









HOLD ON HEFTY! WE'VE GOT A LITTLE DISCUSSION TO FINISH!





IF YOU CAN EXPLAIN YOUR-
SELF AND WHAT YOU'VE BEEN
DOWN, START RIGHT
IN!

DON'T HURT ME, AND I WILL MAKE
EVERYTHING CLEAR! I WAS
BORN IN SQUANKUM, BUT I
WAS OVERGROWN FROM
BABYHOOD!



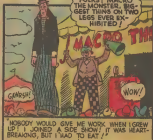
THE GIANT'S STORY—

HEY, YOU
BIG BURN!
YOU TAKE
UP TOO
MUCH
ROOM!

BIG AS AN
OX! DUMB
AS A CALF!
HA! HA!

WHY!

I WAS MADE MISERABLE BY MY COMPANIONS,
FROM THE TIME OF MY FIRST MEMORY! EVERY-
BODY LAUGHED AT ME AND SCORNE'D ME!



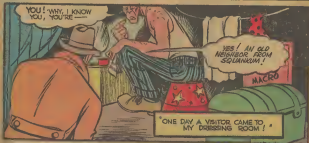
HERE YOU ARE,
FOLKS! MACRO
THE MONSTER, BIG-
GEST THING ON TWO
LEGS EVER EX-
HIBITED!

MACRO THE

GAMBLER!

WOW!

NOSBODY WOULD GIVE ME WORK WHEN I GREW
UP! I JOINED A SIDE SHOW! IT WAS HEART-
BREAKING, BUT I HAD TO EAT!

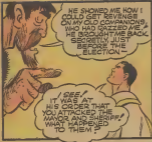


YOU! WHY, I KNOW
YOU, YOU'RE —

YES! AN OLD
NEIGHBOR FROM
SQUANKUM!

MACRO

ONE DAY A VISITOR CAME TO
MY DRESSING ROOM!



HE SHOWED ME HOW I COULD GET REVENGE ON MY OLD COMPANIONS WHO HAD GAZED ME. HE BROUGHT ME BACK SECRETLY, JUST BEFORE THE ELECTION -

SEE! IT WAS AT HIS ORDER THAT YOU ATTACKED THE MAYOR AND SHERIFF! WHAT HAPPENED TO THEM?



HE TOLD ME TO KILL THEM BUT I HADN'T THE HEART. I'VE KEPT THEM PRISONERS IN MY CAVE.

THEN LET THEM GO AT ONCE.



THIS IS AN OUTRAGE! A CRIME! THE GIANT IS THE MOST CRUEL, HARD-HEARTED -

BE REASONABLE MR. MAYOR! HE REALLY KEPT YOU ALIVE WHEN HE'D BEEN ORDERED TO KILL YOU!



WHO ORDERED YOU TO KILL US, HUH?

WHY, IT WAS -

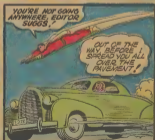
NO NEED TO TELL, MACRO! I KNOW ALREADY! COME ON WE'LL GO BACK TO TOWN!



I'M REALLY GLAD I DIDN'T HURT THAT LITTLE BILLY BATSON WHEN I THREW HIM OVER THE TREE TOPS! LATER, I WAS COMMANDED TO POISON HIM AND --



WE'RE ALMOST BACK TO TOWN! WE'LL HEAD FOR THE DOCTOR'S OFFICE!





AT TERRIFIC SPEED,
THE DOCTOR'S CAR
CRASHES INTO CAPT.
MARVEL!



YOU MUST NOT HAVE
HEARD ME! I SAID YOU
WERE NOT GOING
ANYWHERE!

THE CAR
IS SPLIT
NEATLY INTO
TWO HALVES!



YOU MEAN THAT MACCO
ACCUSED ME OF USING
HIM FOR THESE
CRIMES?

HE DIDN'T EVEN
MENTION YOUR
NAME! HE DIDN'T
HAVE TO!

I KNOW,
FOR INSTANCE,
JUST HOW YOU
THOUGHT TO
POISON BILLY
BATSON.

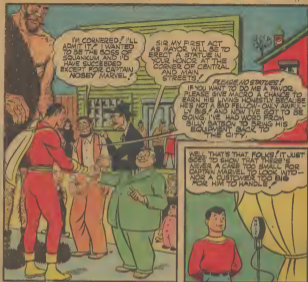


THAT'S FANTASTIC!
I ATE THE POISONED
FOOD TOO!
THE DOCTOR TOLD
YOU THAT!

I FIND, CAPT.
MARVEL, THAT
THERE ARE TRACES
OF ARSENIC IN
THE SKIN OF
HIRAM SMOSS!

JUST SO! HE HAS BEEN TAKING ARSENIC
SMALL DOSES AT FIRST, THEN BIGGER
ONES AS HE GOT USED TO IT!
AN OLD TRICK OF POISONERS!
THEN HE COULD EAT FOOD
THAT WOULD KILL ORDIN-
ARY PEOPLE!

I KNOW, I
KNOW! DOCTOR...
MAKE A TEST
OF THIS MAN'S
SKIN!



"I'M CORNERED! I'LL ADMIT IT. I WANTED TO BE THE BOSS OF SQUANKUM AND I'D HAVE SUCCEEDED EXCEPT FOR CAPTAIN NOBBY MARVEL!"

"SIR, MY FIRST ACT AS MAYOR WILL BE TO ERECT A STATUE IN YOUR HONOR AT THE CORNER OF CENTRAL AND MAIN STREETS!"

"PLEASE, NO STATUES! IF YOU WANT TO DO ME A FAVOR, PLEASE GIVE MARGO A CHANCE TO EARN HIS LIVINGS HONESTLY BECAUSE HE'S NOT A BAD FELLOW - ONLY AWFULLY BIG! AND NOW I'VE GOT TO BE GOING. I'VE HAD WORD FROM BILLY BATSON TO BRING HIS EQUIPMENT BACK TO THE CITY."

"WELL, THAT'S THAT, FOLKS! IT JUST GOES TO SHOW THAT THERE'S NEVER A CASE TOO SMALL FOR CAPTAIN MARVEL TO LOOK INTO - NOR A CUSTOMER TOO BIG FOR HIM TO HANDLE!"

THIS MONTH'S
CODE MESSAGE—

HZEY DLFI
KYMMRVH ZMW
YFB WYUWHY
HBNKCH

CAN YOU READ
THIS? SEND FOR
YOUR CODE CARD
AND YOU'LL BE
ABLE TO READ
ALL CAPT. MAR-
VEL'S SECRET
MESSAGES!



DON'T FORGET,
BOYS AND GIRLS,
I'M ALSO HAVING SOME
AMAZING, NEW
ADVENTURES IN

WHIZ COMICS

GET IT NOW AT YOUR NEWSTAND!

WHIZ COMICS 10¢

Capt. MARVEL

AND THE ADVENTURE
WITH THE P.A.L.



THE P.A.L. (POLICE ATHLETIC LEAGUE) AN ORGANIZATION BENT ON MAKING BETTER AMERICAN CITIZENS OUT OF OUR YOUTH OF TODAY, IS IMPERILED BY A MAN OF SUCH STRENGTH THAT EVEN THE PROTECTIVE POLICE FORCE SAVES HIMSELF FROM HIM... A MAN SO STRONG THAT BENDING STEEL BARS IS BUT CHILD'S PLAY TO HIM... A MAN SO POWERFUL THAT HE WAITS FEVERISHLY FOR THE DAY WHEN HE CAN TACKLE AND DEFEAT CAPTAIN MARVEL!



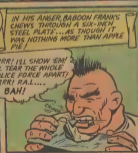
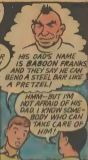
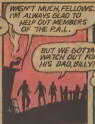
WHAT SAY, YOUNG BILLY... ARE YOU COMIN' TO THE PARTY TOMORROW? REMEMBER IT'S FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE P.A.L.

I'LL SAY OFFICER O'TOOL. I WOULDN'T MISS IT FOR ANYTHING! AFTER ALL I'M GOING TO BROADCAST IT, AND--



LOOK OVER THERE, OFFICER O'TOOL! THOSE KIDS!





THAT NIGHT, HUNDREDS OF MEMBERS OF THE P.A.L. SHOW UP FOR THE LONG-AWAITED PARTY.



ONE AT A TIME FELLOWS... ONE QUESTION AT A TIME.

HIYA, BILLY-- WHERE'S CAPTAIN MARVEL!

YEAH-- IS CAP COMING TO THE PARTY?



WELL...ER, YES AND NO. I WAS TALKING TO CAPTAIN MARVEL ONLY YESTERDAY, AND HE SAID WHEN HE GOT THROUGH ROUNDING UP A BUNCH OF CROOKS, HE MIGHT BE ABLE TO GET OVER.

BOY! I HOPE SO!



EVEN THE FAMOUS CAPTAIN MARVEL CLUB IS WELL REPRESENTED... SINCE MANY OF THE P.A.L. YOUTHS ARE STAUNCH MEMBERS.



MICKEY FRANKS AND HIS DAD, BABOON! WHAT DO THEY WANT AT THE PARTY?

But WHILE THE P.A.L. PARTY CONTINUES JOYFULLY, NONE ARE AWARE OF TWO GRIM FIGURES WHO STEAL QUIETLY THROUGH AN ADJOINING ROOM.



WHERE YA WANT ME TO TOSS THIS PINEAPPLE, POP?

HOLD IT TILL I GET THAT BATSON KID!





PSSSST!
--- HERE HE
COMES NOW!

HMMM... GUESS I'LL STROLL
AROUND OUTSIDE AND
GET SOME AIR.

GOTCHA!



S-S-SWISH!

SHA---
GULP!
MMMM!

GOODY GOODY
POP...LET'S
BEAT HIM
UP!

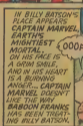
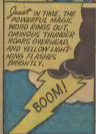


HO HO HO! WATCH OLD
BABOON KNOCK THIS
BRAT INTO THE MIDDLE
OF NEXT-YEAR!

SHA---
GLUB---
GLUB--!



S-MACKO!



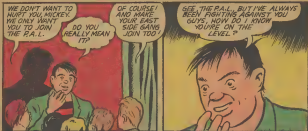


AND CLOSES HIS POWERFUL HANDS OVER THE DEADLY MISSILE AS IT EXPLODES HARMLESSLY.



BUT FASTER THAN LIGHTNING, MIGHTY CAPTAIN MARVEL STREAKS ACROSS THE ROOM, IN PURSUIT OF THE DEADLY BOMB



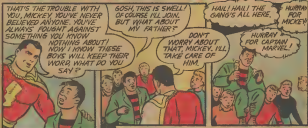


WE DON'T WANT TO HURT YOU, MICKEY. WE ONLY WANT YOU TO JOIN THE P.A.L.

DO YOU REALLY MEAN IT?

OF COURSE! AND MAKE YOUR EAST SIDE GANG JOIN TOO!

SEE THE P.A.L., BUT I'VE ALWAYS BEEN FIGHTING AGAINST YOU GUYS. HOW DO I KNOW YOU'RE ON THE LEVEL?



THAT'S THE TROUBLE WITH YOU, MICKEY YOU'VE NEVER BELIEVED ANYONE. YOU'VE ALWAYS FOUGHT AGAINST SOMETHING YOU KNOW

NOTHING ABOUT! NOW I KNOW THESE BOYS WILL KEEP THEIR WORD, WHAT DO YOU SAY?

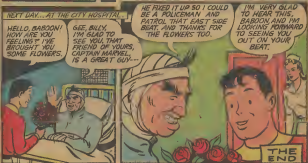
GOSH, THIS IS SWEET! OF COURSE I'LL JOIN, BUT WHAT ABOUT MY FATHER?

HAIL! HAIL! THE GANG'S ALL HERE.

HURRAY FOR MICKEY!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT, MICKEY. I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM.

HURRAY FOR CAPTAIN MARVEL!



NEXT DAY... AT THE CITY HOSPITAL...

HELLO, BABOON! HOW ARE YOU FEELING? I'VE BROUGHT YOU SOME FLOWERS.

GEE, BILLY, I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU. THAT FRIEND OF YOURS, CAPTAIN MARVEL, IS A GREAT GUY--

HE FIXED IT UP SO I COULD BE A POLICEMAN AND PATROL THAT EAST SIDE BEAT. AND THANKS FOR THE FLOWERS TOO.

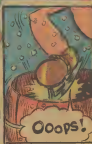
I'M VERY GLAD TO HEAR THIS, BABOON, AND I'M LOOKING FORWARD TO SEEING YOU OUT ON YOUR BEAT.

THE END









FISHING CAPTAIN KID OUT OF THE WATER.
THE KIDS RETURN TO VAN FULLAMONEY'S
LOOSE.

YOU DANCE
DEVINELY, VAN.

OF COURSE!

WHAT'S
THAT
HORRIBLE
NOISE?

RUMBLE...
RUMBLE...

AN AVALANCHE!
GULP!

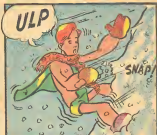
HOW WILL WE GET
HOME IF WE'RE
TRAPPED!

LEAVE THIS
UP TO ME!

SHOW OFF!

THEY LAUGHED AT
ME. THEY DIDN'T THINK
I COULD GET
OUT!

PUFF-PUFF
I'VE GOT TO
FIGURE SOME
WAY OUT OF
THIS!



KILL THAT WITNESS

by JOSEPH
J. MILLARD



MUGS McGRAW threw a last quick look up and down the dark street, then slid the heavy automatic into his hand. He nudged his companion, Twitch Taylor.

"Okay, Twitch! Nobody's in sight. Let's go. And remember, whoever's inside, we gotta knock 'em off so's they can't squeal on us afterward."

Twitch Taylor shivered a little. "Chris, Mugs, de yuh hafta go kille' everybody yuh rob? Can't we just . . ."

"Use yuh head," Mugs growled. "Sure we plug 'em all. Dat's what I always done and dat's why I ain't never been caught, see. Never leave a witness, dat's my motto. If nobody sees yuh commit a crime, nobody's gonna pin it on yuh, are they?"

"I guess yer right, Mugs," Twitch admitted nervously. "But all this bumping off makes me nervous. It's the hot spot for us if we're ever caught."

"Sure," Mugs admitted promptly. "But we don't never get caught. Not while we never leave a witness who can finger us to the cops. Now cut the heatin' and come along. There's fifty grand worth of ice and sparkles in this jewelry store. Let's go."

Shoving open the door, the two thugs marched in, leveling their guns. A single clerk behind the glass showcase raised his head and suddenly squawked in terror at sight of the guns and the murderous expression on Mugs McGraw's face.

"Wait!" the clerk begged, lifting his arms. "Don't shoot, please. I—I'm not going to resist. I'll behave."

"Dat's good!" Mugs snarled. "Just hand over dem trays of fancy rings."

Trembling, the clerk opened the cases and handed over tray after tray of lovely, glittering gems—diamonds and rubies and assortments of priceless size and cut. Mugs continued to cover the clerk with his gun, grinning evilly as his companion, Twitch Taylor, dumped the rich loot into a bag.

"Dat's de works," he announced, when the last tray was empty. "Get out to across while I take care of dis monkey."

"Not!" the clerk screamed, reading his doom in Mugs McGraw's eyes and in the evil, upward curl of the gangster's thin lips. "No, for heaven's sake, don't kill me! I helped you! I didn't sound any alarm or make any trouble. Let me live. I promise I'll never say a word to anyone . . ."

"Dat," Mugs grinned, lifting his automatic, "is one promise I know you'll keep, chum!"

The gun barked sharply. The clerk clutched at his chest and then toppled forward, to lie in a heap on the floor. Mugs looked down at his victim, grinning a little.

"Hurry up!" Twitch cried from the doorway. "If somebody heard that shot, we'll be nabbed. Come on!"

TOGETHER, the two thugs hurried out, leaving the dead clerk behind. The street was still dark and empty, but not far away light had flashed on in an upstairs window.

"Get goin'," Mugs snarled. "Somebody hold dis shot."

Side by side they raced to the corner, turned around it and suddenly darted into a doorway leading up to a row of second-floor apartments above small shops. Dashing up the stairs, they heard the shrill

of a police whistle, somewhere outside, and then the distant wail of a police car siren.

"Somebody turned in an alarm, all right," Twitch panted. "But nobody saw us swing in here."

"Who'd believe it, anyhow," Mugs chuckled as they entered a small, dark flat and locked the door behind them. "Dat's why I rented this dump last week. De cops'll figure we had plenty o' time and got miles away. Nobody'll think of looking far so right around the corner. We hole up here a day or two, then clear out."

They crept across, lifted the shade at a side window and peered out. The window looked right on the street they had just quitted, almost directly over the jewelry store where the clerk's body lay.

"Clear and safe," Mugs chuckled. "They'll never catch."

"Mugs!" Twitch suddenly clutched his arm. "Over there—across the street. When we came out, I thought I saw a guy standing there in the shadows. Den I thought it was a signboard or something. But it was a guy. Look, he's moving now, going into that door."

"Crimes!" Mugs snarled, staring. "Good right there and saw de whole thing. He's a witness. We gotta get back and rub him out."

"But we can't," Twitch gasped through chattering teeth. "Look!"

A squad car suddenly raced up below and a knot of cops darted into the store. Other police appeared and within a few moments the street was crowded.

"We can't go out now," Twitch panted. "But we gotta," Mugs muttered. "Dat guy saw us. He'll

finger us to da cops. He's gotta be killed or we're sunk."

"But if he seen us," Twitch added, "he's probably already told da cops what we look like. They'll be looking for us . . ."

"What if he has?" Mugs snarled. "They can't pin it on us unless he appears to identify us in court, can they? Sure they can't. So let him squeak his fool head off. Da cops won't find us here and later on, after they clear out, we'll go over and, stop his big mouth for good, see. He must live right over, there, on account of he wasn't wearin' any coat or hat. Just watcha' us, he was, the dirty sneak."

Nervous and jumpy, the two thugs crouched by the dark window watching the crowds gradually disperse. Finally, long after midnight, the last of the police cars drew away, the beat cop went on about his business and the street settled down to darkness and quiet. An ambulance had come and taken away the body of the slain clerk and several quietly-*ofter* plain-clothes detectives had stayed for some time before leaving.

BUT AT LAST Mugs nudged Twitch and the two moved back from the window, stretching cramped muscles, letting out pent-up breaths.

"We gotta go," Mugs whispered hoarsely. "Da coast is clear and dat nosy lug'll be sound asleep in his bed by now. We slip over and up dem stairs re where he lives, see. We sneak in and find his bedroom and let him have it, right through the pumper, so we're plenty sure he can't ever talk again."

"Maybe," Twitch suggested nervously, "he's got a family. Maybe dere's a whole household of people who might wake up and . . ."

"Knock 'em off, every one of 'em!" Mugs growled. "If he seen us, maybe some of the others were lookin' out a window and seen us, too. We can't take no chances on the hot seat for this job. We gotta bump off everybody in da place and then scream."

"I—I got a feeling maybe we're making a mistake, Mugs," Twitch shivered, hesitating by the door. "I dunno why, but something sorta tells me we hadn't oughta go over there."
"You and yer feelin'!" Mugs snarled. "Shut up and come on."

"But Mugs," Twitch persisted. "Suppose da guy's got a dog, huh? Da dog'd raise a rumpus and we'd . . ."

"Aw, dry up!" Mugs roared furiously. "If you'd use yer head, ya wouldn't be such a drip. Don't ya know they don't allow people to keep dogs for pets in this end o' town. Dis in the swella section and dogs is forbidden by law, see. Now come on and shut up!"

Together the two trapt downstairs and out onto the dark street. No one was in sight and their furtive dash across to the opposite sidewalk brought no sharp challenge.

"We're clear," Mugs chorled. "Get in that door."

They slid through the door and stood in warm darkness. A flight of shadowy stairs climbed upward to the second floor where an apartment sat above the low shops at street level. Guns in hand, holding their breaths, the two elbowed softly to the top.

A locked door confronted them but Mugs drew out a ring of skeleton keys and made short work of the barrier. They went through into a living room. Beyond this, they could see light from the street lamp outside filtering into a bedroom.

"Dat's de spot," Mugs whispered. "Go on in and let him have it!"

"Mugs!" Twitch's teeth were chattering as he clutched his companion's arm. "Let's not! I got a feeling . . ."

"Blast you!"

MUGS SUDDENLY whistled and slammed his gun down on Twitch's head with all his force. There was a muffled thud and the nervous mobster slumped down, unconscious or dead. Mugs laughed softly.

"You was nothin' but a yellowrat, anyhow," he whispered.

"I'll walk alone and keep all the cash for myself."

Turning, he padded softly to the bedroom door and peered in. The light showed a bed and on that, the outline of a figure with a man's face showing against the pillow. Grinning evilly, Mugs lifted his gun.

"You've stuck your nose into the last affair dat ain't none of yer business, pal," Mugs whispered and his finger tightened on the trigger.

The murderous finger was still tightening when a silent thunderbolt of fury exploded out of the darkness. Something struck Mugs on the chest like a runaway locomotive and something else that was like a steel trap closed on his wrist. Mugs screamed aloud with the agony of that pressure and the gun fell out of his hand.

Mugs fell backward and the dark thing fell on him, snarling and rumbering its hatred as sharp teeth pinned his wrist. Over on the bed, the figure stirred, sat up and suddenly swung out of bed, reaching for a club that stood nearby.

"Dog!" Mugs choked, fighting the creature that pinned him. "A dog—and there ain't supposed to be none here."

Then the club crashed on his head and the night dissolved into blackness. When Mugs awoke, he was handcuffed and Twitch sat beside, similarly chained. A tall man in pajamas stood across the room, holding a heavy cane and the place was full of detectives.

"What was the idea?" One of the detectives roared, shaking Mugs. "Why did you try to kill Mr. Ames, you cat?"

"Aw, I hadda," Mugs growled. "He som me'n Twitch shoot dat clerk across da street. He was a witness, see. But he ain't got no right to keep a dog . . ."

"You poor fool!" the detective snarped, cuffing Mugs. "Didn't you know Mr. Ames couldn't be a witness against you? He's blind—and his dog is a Seeing-Eye dog, allowed anywhere by law. Come on, killer! The chair is waiting!"

The End

Capt. MARVEL

AND THE CURSE of IBAC

IT'S SHAZAM AGAINST IBAC... JUST AS THE GREATEST POWERS OF THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST HEROES ARE COMBINED IN CAPTAIN MARVEL, SO THE WICKEDNESS OF HISTORY'S WORST VILLAINS IS FOCUSED IN HIS DREADFUL RIVAL!

CALIGULA

ATTILA

BORGIA

IVAN

IT ALL BEGAN IN THE CRIMINAL PLANS OF A NASTY LITTLE SQUIRT CALLED STINKY PRINTWHISTLE!

THE LUXURY LOCAL APPROACHES! I'LL BLAST IT ON THIS BRIDGE, THEN LOOT THE WRECKAGE! YUM, YUM!

SOLOMON · MERCULES · ATLAS · ZEUS · ACHILLES · MERCURY



Capt. MARVEL



AND THE CURSE of IBAC

IT'S SHAZAM AGAINST IBAC --- JUST AS THE GREATEST POWERS OF THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST HEROES ARE COMBINED IN CAPTAIN MARVEL, SO THE WICKEDNESS OF HISTORY'S WORST VILLAINS IS FOCUSED IN HIS DREADFUL RIVAL!

CALIGULA

ATTILA

BORGIA

IVAN

IT ALL BEGAN IN THE CRIMINAL PLANS OF A NASTY LITTLE SQUIRT CALLED STINKY PRINTWHISTLE!

THE LUXURY LOCAL APPROACHES! I'LL BLAST IT ON THIS BRIDGE, THEN LOOT THE WRECKAGE! YUM, YUM!



IT'S CAPTAIN
M-M-MARVEL!

CORRECT! AND WHAT
HAVE WE HERE,
AN EASTER
EGG HUNT?

High IN THE AIR FLIES THE BOMB,
EXPLODING HARMLESSLY!

OR IS IT A
FOOTBALL?
LET'S SEE!

BOOM!

DONE FOR!
I'LL SMASH TO
PIECES BELOW!

IT IS TO
BE HOPED!

RIP!

WHAT NOW? I'M
FLOATING UP....
-- FLOATING!
I'M SAFE!
BUT HOW?

I AM THE HOW AND
WHY, MR. PRINTWHISTLE!
AT YOUR SERVICE!

WHO ARE
YOU? YOU
LOOK LIKE...
...UH...
LIKE...

GO ON SAY IT!
LUCIFER, THE
PRINCE OF
DARKNESS! I
SAVED YOU
BECAUSE WE MAY
HELP EACH
OTHER!



I WAS IVAN THE TERRIBLE,
 CEAR OF ALL THE RUSSIAS,
 FOUR CENTURIES AGO! I
 DESTROYED MANY THOUSANDS
 OF MY SUBJECTS BY TORTURE--
 LAID CITIES WASTE-- THE
 WORLD REJOICED
 WHEN I DIED!

FROM HIM,
 PRINTWHISTLE,
 YOU WILL
 DRAW
TERROR!
 NEXT--

BORGIA WAS MY NAME--CESARE
 BORGIA I RULED BY FAIR MEANS
 OR FOUL--MOSTLY FOUL! I
 KNEW THE BEST TRICKS, THE
 WORST POISONS, I MURDER
 WAS MY SPORT!
 CRIME MY
 CAREER!

FROM HIM
 YOU GET
CUNNING!
 AND NOW--

I WAS ATILA THE
 HUN! I ROBBED,
 PLUNDERED, BURNED!
 I COULD DO ANYTHING--
 --EXCEPT MAKE
 MEN LOVE ME!

I WAS CALIGULA,
 ROME'S WORST
 EMPEROR!
 EVEN HERO
 WAS KIND
 COMPARED
 TO ME!

THERE,
 PRINTWHISTLE--
 YOUR FIERCE-
 NESS AND
 CRUELTY!
 YOU'RE
 WELL EQUIPPED!

THINK OF THEIR NAMES!
 IVAN--BORGIA--
 ATILA--CALIGULA!
 WHAT DO THE INITIAL
 LETTERS SPELL?

A WORD I
 NEVER HEARD
 OF BEFORE--
 --IBAC!

THE EARTH SEEMS TO
 OPEN, AN EVIL GREEN
 FLAME SPURTS FORTH--

--AND PRINTWHISTLE TURNS INTO A FIGURE OF
FEAR AND FURY!

HA, HA! CAPTAIN MARVEL NEVER
 DID THE TRICK MORE NEATLY!
 YOU ARE NOW IBAC, KING OF EBIL!
 GO FORTH AND
 BECOME GREAT
 AND TERRIBLE!



Shortly AFTERWARD--THE CITY CRINGES BEFORE A TERRIBLE CRIMINAL!

ONE SID, YOU PUNKS!
I JUST DROPPED IN
TO GRAB SOME
SPENDING MONEY!



FLASH!
POLICE SAY THE
NEW CRIME WAVE
IS DUE TO AN
UGLY CHARACTER,
SUBHUMAN IN
APPEARANCE--

SUBHUMAN, EH?
I'LL DROP IN ON
STATION WHINE
AND TEACH THAT
BRAT TO RESPECT
HIS BETTER!



SIGNING OFF, FOLKS!
I'LL BE BACK WITH
THE NEWS WHEN IT
HAPPENS!

I KNOW A WAY TO GET
FULL REVENGE.
IBAG!



RETURNING TO HIS OWN
FORM, PRINTWHISTLE
CLEVERLY IMITATES
BILLY'S RADIO VOICE!

BILLY BATSON AGAIN,
FOLKS? I WANT TO SAY
HOW SILLY ALL THOSE
CAN LETTERS HAVE BEEN--



---AND YOU'RE A BUNCH
OF DISEY JERKS TO TUNE IN ON ME?
MY SENTIMENTAL NEWS IS
ALL PHONEY! BILLY
BATSON SIGNING OFF!

BRING
BILLY
BATSON HERE!

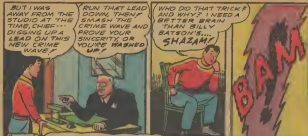
YES, MR.
MORRIS!



YAY, ARGON!
I ALWAYS
LIKED BOMBRES!
---HEY, WHAT'S
THAT?

ATTENTION,
RADIO AUDIENCE,
TO BILLY BATSON'S
NEWS BROADCAST!

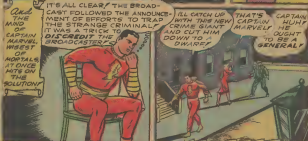




BUT I WAS AWAY FROM THE STUDIO AT THE TIME, CHIEF... DIGGING UP A LEAD ON THIS NEW CRIME WAVE!

RUN THAT LEAD DOWN, THEN SMASH THE CRIME WAVE AND PROVE YOUR SINCERITY, OR YOU'RE WASHED UP!

WHO DID THAT TRICK? AND WHY? I NEED A BETTER BRAIN THAN BILLY BATSON'S... SHAZAM!

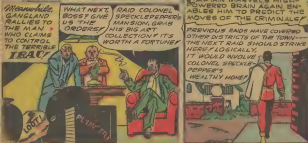


And THE MIND OF CAPTAIN MARVEL HSEET OF HORTALS AT ONCE HITS ON THE SOLUTION!

IT'S ALL CLEAR! THE BROADCAST FOLLOWED THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF EFFORTS TO TRAP THE STRANGE CRIMINAL! IT WAS A TRICK TO DISCREDIT THE BROADCASTER!

I'LL CATCH UP WITH THIS NEW CRIME GIANT AND CUT HIM DOWN TO A DWARF!

THAT'S CAPTAIN MARVEL! HE OUGHT TO BE A GENERAL!



Manhandle GANGLAND RALLIES TO THE MAN WHO CLAIMS TO CONTROL THE TERRIBLE IRAC!

WHAT NEXT, BOSS? GIVE US THE ORDERS!

RAID COLONEL SPECKLEPEPPER'S MANSION, GRAB HIS BIG ART COLLECTION! IT'S WORTH A FORTUNE!

CAPTAIN MARVEL'S HIGH-POWERED BRAIN AGAIN ENABLES HIM TO PREDICT THE MOVES OF THE CRIMINALS!

PREVIOUS RAIDS HAVE COVERED OTHER DISTRICTS OF THE TOWN—THE NEXT RAID SHOULD STRIKE HERE! LOGICALLY, IT WOULD INVOLVE COLONEL SPECKLEPEPPER'S WEALTHY HOME!

YEA, MISS VAN SPOKESHAY THIS IDOL IS SET WITH PRICELESS JEWELS---- AND THAT'S A PRICELESS PAINTING BY MALARKY DON WHISKOF--- 'WAIT, WHAT'S THIS?

TAKE ALL THEM GADGETS-- THE CHEF SAID GRAB ALL THE PRETTIES!

LET'S TAKE THE DAME THEN

IT'S A STICK-UP SO STICK 'EM UP!

SIR!



IN THE MIST OF THE LOOTING, CAPTAIN MARVEL ENTERS THE SPECKLEPEPPER MANSION.

OKAY, BOYS, ONE MORE TRIP WILL LOAD THE TRUCK!

JUST IN TIME! THE RAID'S IN PROGRESS!

LOOK, BUGGY! A STATUE OF CAPTAIN MARVEL!

PROBABLY WORTH A BIG HUNK OF DOUGH! GRAB ON TO IT!



YOU DON'T REALLY THINK I'D LET YOU CARRY ME OFF, DO YOU?

HEY, IT'S NO STATUE-- IT'S ALIVE!

POOR BOYS, THEY FAINTED! TOO DELICATE FOR SUCH WORK! I'LL GO CONFRONT THE OTHERS!





IT'S CAPTAIN MARVEL!
TAKE THAT---AND
THAT---AND THAT!

I DON'T KNOW
WHAT I'D DO WITH-
OUT THESE LEAD
MASSAGE TREATMENTS
NOW AND THEN!

YOU'RE OUT OF
THE PICTURE
FOR THE
TIME BEING,
MY FRIEND!

I'LL CONK
HIM WITH
THIS!

NO! NO!
DON'T THROW
THAT
PRICELESS
TREASURE!



Just
CAPTAIN
MARVEL'S
LIGHTNING
MOVE-
MENT
GIVES THE
PRECIOUS
OBJECT!

TONY GALENTO'S
FAVORITE BEER
MUG--GONE! IT
CAN NEVER BE
REPLACED!

SAFE
BY A
MILE!

READY! SMASH HIM
WITH EVERYTHING
YA GOT!

MORE ANTIQUE
CHINA GOING TO
THE DOGS!
I CAN'T BEAR
TO WATCH!

GET AWAY
FROM THOSE
DISHES! YOU
MIGHT BREAK
SOMETHING!

BREAK
SOMETHING,
HE SAYS!



THEY'RE NOT EVEN
CHIPPED, COLONEL!
TAKE CHARGE OF
THEM!

HOW CAN I
EVER THANK
YOU, GIRL?

THAT'S CAPTAIN MARVEL! COME ON, BOYS, WE'RE SCRAMMING!

DON'T SPARE THE HORSES!



THEY'LL DRIVE TO WHERE LOOT FROM OTHER RAIDS WILL BE STORED! I CAN CRACK THE WHOLE CASE AND CLEAN UP THE ENTIRE ORGANIZATION! GOODBYE NOW!

WHY DIDN'T YOU FOLLOW THEM? THEY'RE DRIVING OFF WITH ALL MY PRICELESS ART TREASURES!

THAT'S WHAT I WANT THEM TO DO!



HEAD FOR THE CHIEF'S HOUSE! WE'RE LUCKY TO GET AWAY WITH ONLY A FEW MEN GOBBLED UP BY THAT CAPTAIN MARVEL!



But BEHIND THE CRIME CAR, CAPTAIN MARVEL EASILY FOLLOWS!

I WISH THEY'D GO FASTER--- I HAVE A HARD TIME STAYING BEHIND AND OUT OF SIGHT!

Oh PRINHWISTLE'S HOUSE!

SO YOU PULLED THAT SPECKLEPEPPER JOB, HUH?

SURE WE DID! SOME OF THE BOYS WERE KNOCKED OFF--- BUT THE FEWER, THE BIGGER THE DIVVY-UP, HUH?



WAIT TILL THE CHIEF SEES THIS! HE'LL SAY WE OUGHT TO BE CROWNED!

I'LL ATTEND TO THE CROWNING!



LET HIM HAVE IT! EVERYBODY SHOOT AT THE SAME SPOT, HE HEARTY! A MASS OF BULLETS OUGHT TO GET THROUGH HIS HIDE!



BUT NOT EVEN THE MULTIPLE IMPACT OF MANY LEADEN BLISS CAN EVEN SCRATCH THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST MORTAL!

SORRY, BOYS, YOU COULD HAVE DONE BETTER WITH A ROTTEN TOMATO. AT LEAST THAT WOULD MESS UP MY SHIRT FRONT!



YOU HAVE THE SKIN I LOVE TO TOUCH!



I'M GOING TO KEEP YOU ALL TOGETHER! THE POLICE ARE LIKE COLONEL SPOCKLE PEPPER--THEY HAVE A HOBBY OF COLLECTING STRANGE OBJECTS! THAT MEANS YOU!

NOW BILLY MUST GET THE CREDIT FOR THIS CLEAN-UP, TO HOLD HIS BROADCASTING JOB.



BACK ON THE SCENE, PORTABLE RADIO AND ALL FEVER-THING'S IN THE BAG!

CALLING ALL COPS! BILLY BATSON'S JUST CLEARED UP THE CRIME WAVE FDROP OVER AND GET A WAGON-FUL OF PRISONERS AND LOOT!



HERE'S WHAT YOU'RE LOOK-ING FOR, BOYS!

I ALWAYS SAID THAT BILLY BATSON KID WAS A TRIPLE-PLATED WONDER!

TRIPLE-PLATED NOTHING-- HE'S SOLID!

THE STOLEN ARTICLES WILL BE RETURNED TO THEIR PROPER OWNERS! THE CROOKS WILL SPEND LONG YEARS OF REGRET IN THE HOOSE-GOW! NOW I'M DOING, RADIO FANS!



Meanwhile, THE UNSU-SPECTING CHIEF OF THE RAIDERS HAS ENJOYED A CRIME MOVIE TO THE HILT!

THAT SHOW GAVE ME SOME SWELL IDEAS TO 'BUILD UP MY OWN CRIME OUTFIT'!



THE COPS! THEY'VE CLEANED OUT MY GANG AND MY SWAG!



AND SO THESE OUTLAWS WILL
END UP BEHIND BARS, LIKE SO
MANY TAME MONKEYS! CRIME
NEVER PAYS, FOLKS! BILLY
BATSON SIGNING OFF!

BILLY
BATSON! BUT
I THOUGHT I
HAD FRAMED--

IBAE! SHAZAM!



*A moment later, two champions
out of good, one of evil--
face each other!*

I'LL BEAT YOU TO A
PULP... TRAMPLE YOU TO BITS...
WIPE YOU OUT OF EXISTENCE!

HAYEE!

I'LL TEAR YOU
LIMB FROM
LIMB!

YOU'VE CHANGED, STINKY
PRINTWHISTLE! AND NOT
EXACTLY FOR THE
BETTER!



JOE TO TOE THEY SLUG IT OUT!

TAKE THAT AND THAT!
AND BE GLAD YOU
DON'T GET THAT
AND THAT!

THANKS! AND HERE'S
EVERYTHING RIGHT
BACK, WITH INTEREST!



ONE OF THEM MUST RETREAT, AND IT IS IBAC!

WHEW!

THINGS GOING TOO FAST FOR YOU, EN?



THIS WILL FINISH YOU---
OOORRR!



THERE! THE FIRST REAL SOCK HAS LANDED!



HE FLIES THROUGH THE AIR WITH THE GREATEST OF EASE---



HEAVEN AGAINST THE WALL DRIVES THE HURTLING FORM OF IBAC!

HE SEEMS TO HAVE EXPLODED!













LOOKOUT, BOYS—THE WAR'S ON!

GANG—WAY I'M GETTING BEHIND THAT CHARGE!



MEANWHILE, I WON'T WASTE TIME WITH YOU GUYS!

SHAKE!
BANG!

HALP!
A BUTZKRIEG!



HE WON'T WASTE WORDS, FAT-HEAD! WHO SENT YOU IN HERE TO KILL TRIGGER DANNY?

Y-Y-Y-Y YOU C-C-CAN'T MAKE ME TALK—YA--YA--



GRAY—YOU ASKED FOR IT!



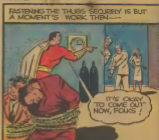
HIS BACK'S TURNED, NOW'S MY CHANCE!

MEANWHILE ONE OF THE THUGS REACHES FOR A SHARP SCALPEL, AND...

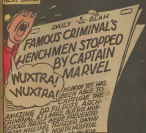


THERE! GOT HIM!

THEY OUGHT TO KEEP THESE PLACES SCREENED IN... TOO MANY MOSCOW ITOS FLYING AROUND.



NEXT DAY...



THIS IS SERIOUS BUSINESS NOW... A LIFE AND DEATH PROPOSITION. EVERY TIME AMERICA MAKES A MOVE BY LAND, SEA OR AIR... THE ENEMY KNOWS IT IN ADVANCE! I UNDERSTAND PERFECTLY WILL, MR. MORSE... YOU WANT CAPTAIN MARVEL TO TAKE UP THIS CASE... AND HE WILL DO EXACTLY THAT!



LET'S TURN, FOR A MOMENT, TO NAVAL HEADQUARTERS— HERE, SECRET WIRTS BUZZ NIGHT AND DAY, AGENTS MEET TO DISCUSS SECRET PLANS, AND SOMETIMES, EVEN A SPY GETS IN—IN DISGUISE!

MUST I STAY HERE ALL ZEE NIGHT AND DAY? I AM ZEE ARTIST— AND I MUST SEE ZEE COMMANDING OFFICER NOW?



PAY ATTENTION TO ME! I WANT TO SEE ZEE COMMANDING OFFICER.



CUT IT, BUDDY! EITHER WAIT YOUR TURN— OR SCREAM OUTTA HERE!

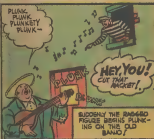


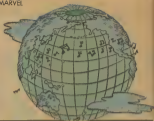
AH! ZEE MONSIEUR DARE TO SPEAK TO ME IN THAT TONE?

ALL RIGHT—ALL RIGHT, I GO! I GO BECAUSE I AM INSULT! GOOD DAY!



BUT AS THE "ARTIST" GOES ON HIS WAY, WHISTLING A MERRY TUNE— A STRANGE FIGURE FOLLOWS!





IT WOULD BE OF GREAT INTEREST TO OUR INTELLIGENCE DEPARTMENT TO KNOW WHERE A CERTAIN MUSIC IS BEING BROADCAST TO... BUT ACROSS THE PACIFIC OCEAN IT GOES...



AT LAST... THE MUSIC COMES TO A LONG-WAITING AUDIENCE. BUT SOMEWHERE IN THE EAST PACIFIC, HARD-FACED AGENTS QUICKLY SCRIBBLE DOWN THE NOTES.



AND WITHIN TWENTY MINUTES, THE U.S. BATTLESHIP IS SUBJECTED TO A TERRIBLE BOMBING BY THE ENEMY.

BUT SIR! HOW DID THEY KNOW WHERE WE WERE?

I DON'T KNOW, SULLIVAN! BUT SOMEBODY WILL ANSWER FOR THIS. KEEP AFTER THOSE GUNNERS!



AGAIN THE SIGNALING SYSTEM OF THE FIFTH COLUMN HAS SCORED... AGAIN A STATE SECRET GETS OUT - AND LIVES ARE LOST!

MEANWHILE, THE STRANGE LITTLE MAN FOLLOWING THE "ARTIST" GOES INTO ACTION!

ALL RIGHT! NOW WHAT'S ALL THIS WHISTLING ABOUT?

WHY? I CAN COMPREHEND THAT!



YOU'RE MIXED UP SOMEHOW WITH ALL THIS SECRET INFORMATION'S GETTING OUT OF NAVAL HEADQUARTERS. NOW TALK!

NO! I WEE' NEVER TALK!



YOU'RE RIGHT! YOU WON'T TALK NOW!



HE'S BEEN SHOT! BUT I DIDN'T DO IT --!

SLUG! B-BLUGS! KAF-KAF!



SPEAK UP MAN! WHO DID IT?

THEY-THEY TOLD ME-- THEY WOULD RELEASE MY FAMILY -- IN OCCUPIED FRANCE -- IF I CARRY THEIR MESSAGES GAN--BLUB!



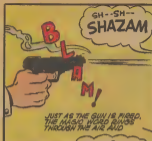
THEY-- BUT WHO-- WHO?

MEESTER BANJO -- HE EES CALLED -- AH-- DIE!

I'M MR. BANJO BUDDY!

WHO-- WHO ARE YOU?

NOW IT'S YOUR TURN!





I CAN'T WASTE ANY MORE TIME NOW! I'M GOING TO START AT THE BEGINNING—CHANCE MORE AND TRACE THOSE SPYBOTS TO THE END OF THE WORLD!



LET'S SEE... EVERY TIME A SHIP GOES ON A SECRET MISSION— IT GETS BLOWN UP... UHPS! WHERE HAVE I SEEN THAT FACE BEFORE?



I WANNA SEE DE CHIEF, MISS. HOW'S CHANCES?

YOU'LL HAVE TO WAIT YOUR TURN!



LISTEN! I'VE GOT IT!



SHE'S TYPING IN MORSE CODE... GIVING THAT MAN THE SECRETS!

WHA-?



YOU SURE ABOUT THIS, BILLY!

I'LL SAY I'M SURE! THE WHOLE THING COMES TO ME NOW!



THE GIRL LEADING THE SECRETS... AND THEN ONE OF THE SPY GANG CALLS IN HERE— SHE TYPES OUT THE MESSAGE IN CODE ON HER TYPEWRITER. — THAT'S HOW ALL THE MESSAGES LEAK OUT!

YEAH— BUT WHERE DOES IT GO THEN?



THAT'S SIMPLE! AFTER THEY GET THE CODE DOWN PAT, THE MAN WALKS ALONG THE STREET WHISTLING IT... AND THEN MR. BANJO PICKS IT UP AND PLAYS IT TO SOME MORE SPIES! BY THIS METHOD, IT'S CARRIED HALF WAY ROUND THE WORLD!



YEAH-- BUT YA AINT HOLDIN' ME!



JUST LET THEM TRY AND GET ME! I'LL BEAT IT TO THE HIDEOUT!



WHAT'S A MATTER, BILLY? WE CAN'T LET THAT RAT ESCAPE!

HOLD ON, BOYS! I WANTED HIM TO MAKE A BREAK!

WHAT? YOU WANTED HIM TO?



JUST LEAVE IT TO ME! I'M GOING TO TRAIL HIM TO HIS HANGOUT!



ER... OKAY BILLY! YOU SEEM TO KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING SO WE'LL LEAVE IT UP TO YOU

AH! THAT MUST BE THE HIDEOUT FOR MR. BANJO AND HIS SPIES!



CAUTIOUSLY, BILLY TRAILS ALONG, WHEN AT LAST HE SEES THE THUG ENTER THE FAKE PRINT SHOP!

HEY! WATCHA GON' BACK HERE ALREADY?

WE GOTTA MAKE SPEED, BOYS. THE COPS HAVE FOUND OUT OUR WHOLE PLAN!



HURRY ON, BOOGIE! GET INTO YOUR CAPTAIN MARVEL SUIT!



NOW LISTEN CAREFULLY! YOU'VE GOT TO GET OUT AND LEAD THE COPS AWAY FROM HERE!



LISSEN, YA RATS! YA WANT ME TA GO OUT AND TAKE THE CAP? EH? NOTHIN' DOIN'!



REMEMBER, THEY'RE STILL AFTER CAPTAIN MARVEL-- HA HA!

NO BACK TALK, BOOGIE! GIT GOIN'!



ED... ..
..CHRAY... ..
THAT IS...

THEN A FAMILIAR CRY RINGS OUT, FOLLOWED BY A LOUD BURST OF THUNDER!



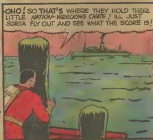
SHAZAM!

L-LISSEN...
WHAT WAS THAT?

IT'S THE REAL CAPTAIN MARVEL!



UP AND AT 'EM!



... AS THE RACNEY MARVEL CLIMBERS ABOARD THE SHIP...



NOW YOU
HAW ACTOR TALK
AND FAST!

ALL RIGHT...
I...

BUT BEFORE THE THUG CAN UTTER A WORD...

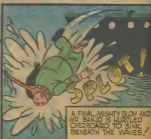


COME ON, BOYS!
THIS TIME WE'LL REALLY
FINISH HIM OFF!

THAT'S THE BEST
SOUND EVER CAME OUT
OF THAT INSTRUMENT!



BAM!



A FINAL, MIGHTY BLOW AND
MR. BANJO IS HURTLING
OVERBOARD TO SINK
BENEATH THE WAVES!

AND NOW
SPILL IT!

I'LL TALK-- MR. BANJO IS REALLY
OLD FILMSTOCK --- THAT BUSINESS
OF KILLIN' TRIGGER DANNY WAS
JUST A STALL TO COVER HIS
OTHER ACTIVITIES! HE'S THE
REAL HEAD OF THE INTERNATIONAL
SPY RING --- HE'S BEEN IN CAROOTS
WITH THEM ORIENTALS
FOR YEARS ---



OH! THEN INSTEAD OF GETTING
RID OF ONE KILLER --- I GOT
RID OF TWO! --- WELL I'LL GIVE
YOU A LIFT AS FAR AS THE
POLICE STATION!



IS MR. BANJO GONE FOR GOOD? OR WILL HE
BE BACK TO WRITAK A TERRIBLE VENGEANCE?
WHAT IS THE MYSTERY BEHIND THIS
STRANGE CRIMINAL? ALL THESE QUESTIONS
WILL BE ANSWERED IN
NEXT MONTH'S
SENSATIONAL
ISSUE OF

CAPT. MARVEL



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ADVENTURES



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